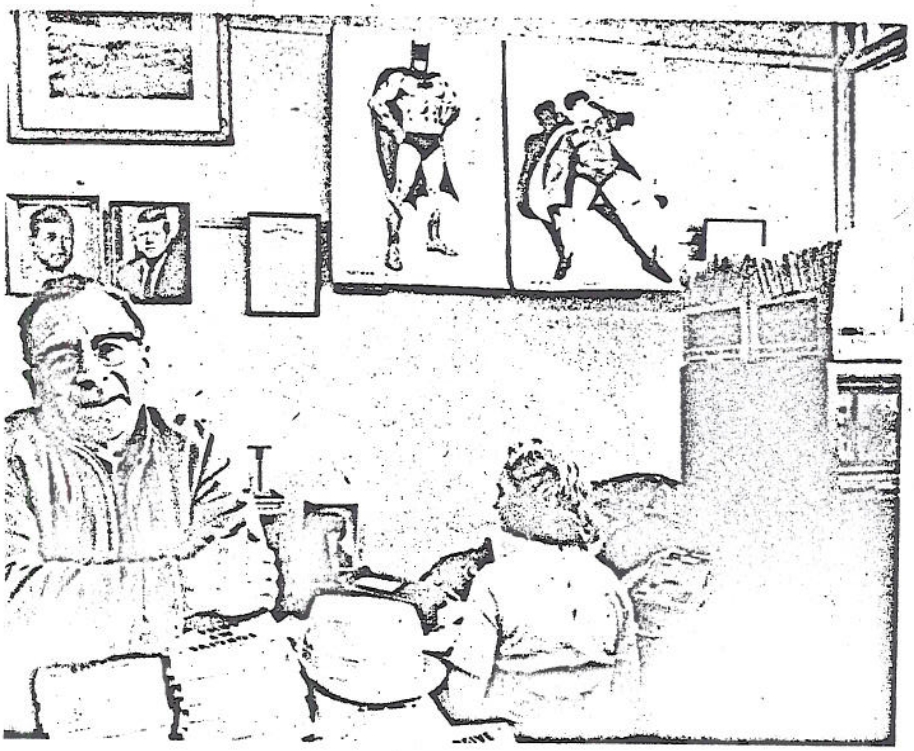
". . . 'I can't prove all of them are murders,' Jones drawled. 'But hell, even if a fifth are what I suspect they are, we're still in trouble.' . . ."



Penn Jones Jr., editor of "Midlothian Mirror."

assassin assassins. He talks about the death of Little Lynn Carlin. She never died. She testified to the Warren Commission three months after he reported she was shot-gunned to death. He had the wrong girl. Some of his deaths aren't even connected with the assassination in any possible manner."

Jones nonchalantly shrugs off such skepticism. "Hell, if the American people want the answers, they can get the answers," he says. "I've been saying that if we had a modern computer with an honest programmer and fed it the 26 volumes and the work that I and Epstein and Lane and Weisberg and Maggie Field have done—if we didn't then have the answers, then I certainly believe the computer could direct us in the most appropriate channels to continue investigating."

Meanwhile, against the unlikely prospect that such a study will ever be made, Jones peddles his own private opinion of who killed the president. "I honestly believe that Lyndon had it done," he says.

There are other quaint demonologists on the lunatic fringe, ranging from George C. Thomson, a California engineer who emphatically states that the president was never murdered in the Dallas motorcade, to Harold Weisberg, a Maryland poultryman whose charges of conspiracy are less specific. The master of the 14.3 acre Coq d'Or Farm in Hyattstown, Weisberg is a retired journalist who had published nothing in two decades prior to the release of *Whitewash*, a poorly mounted attack on the Warren Commission which he published himself.

He had probably been best known as the National Barbecuing Champion. His wife once reigned as the National Chicken Cooking Champion. "I got the Peace Corps its first good publicity bseak with a project that was entirely 100 per cent mine," the mustachioed fowl expert declares. "It was called *Geese for Peace*. Geese can convert waste into protein. A goose is the only person (sic) in the world who can survive on leaves and grass."

Since the publication of the Warren Report, Weisberg has survived by debunking its authoritative conclusions. "Their own best evidence proves they are wrong in everything they say," he says. "The thing that struck me most about the Report was that it was a monstrous evasion. Oswald couldn't possibly have killed anybody. He was not *persona non grata* to the FBI. They had a bird in the hand and they didn't feel like beating the bushes. Nobody has yet shown me an error of fact in any of my work."

Errors and misinterpretation of facts abound both in *Whitewash* and its successor, *Whitewash II*, particularly in Weisberg's careless analysis of available photographic evidence. Typical are his opinions regarding one version of the motion picture film of the assassination which is on display at the National Archives in Washington, D. C. Since four frames have been unaccountably edited from this print, Weisberg assumes that they show something contradictory to the official findings. He suggests that members of the Commission were misled into viewing the edited version in merely a cursory manner. Yet the missing frames, which add nothing to the body of evidence, have been painstakingly witnessed by every member of the Commission and its staff, in slow-motion, fast-motion and stop-action.

Weisberg is also afflicted by an increasing paranoia regarding competing scavengers. "I'm the only one with conclusions in my book," he wails. "Others have used my conclusions in their radio and television appearances. Mark Lane is converting his grassy knoll thing into a property, in a very irresponsible way. I have it in my book. I was the first."

He seeks solace from his imagined adversaries among the waterfowl he breeds at the Coq d'Or Farm. "My wild geese come when I call them," he says. "I've built their faith in me to the point where they bring their young the day after the young are hatched. The federal experts see it and don't believe it can happen. They eat right from my hand." And incredibly enough, there are people who are doing the same thing.